

MUSICAL BOUQUET



THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE,

COMPOSED BY W.H.CURRIE.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS NEW SONGS.

NO IN THE MUSICAL BOUQUET.	COMPOSER.	NO IN THE MUSICAL BOUQUET.	COMPOSER.
1528, GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM	NELSON KNEASS	1534, DILLY BURN	W.B. HARVEY
1529, HOLD YOUR HORSES	D ^o	1535, JOANNA SNOW	L.V.H. CROSBY
1530, SEEING NELLY HOME	GILMORE	1536, OUR OWN LAUGHING NEEL	R. PERCY
1531, HAPPY HAIDEE, OR DREAM ON TO-NIGHT	PIKE	1537, EULALIE	S.C. FOSTER
1532, GENTLE ALICE	H. AVERY	1538, YO! YAH! YO! STRIKE THE OLD BANJO	CONVERSE
1533, GRAVE OF LILLY DALE	W.H. CURRIE	1539, FARE THEE WELL KITTY DEAR	G.F. WURZELL
1540, ROSALIE THE PRAIRIE FLOWER	G.F. WURZELL	1541, MINNIE MOORE	E.C. HOWE

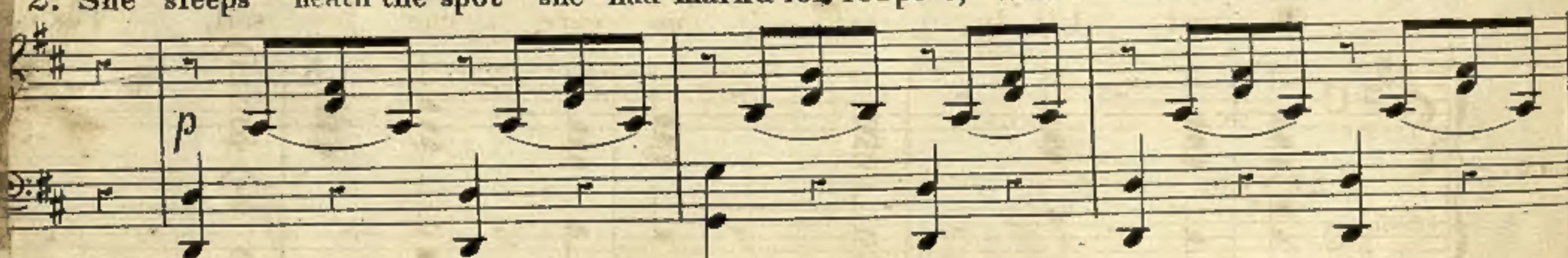
** The HOOP DE DOODEN QUADRILLES & POLKA, by W.H. MONTGOMERY, price 6^d each, arranged on the popular Airs sung by CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, published exclusively in the MUSICAL BOUQUET

THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE.

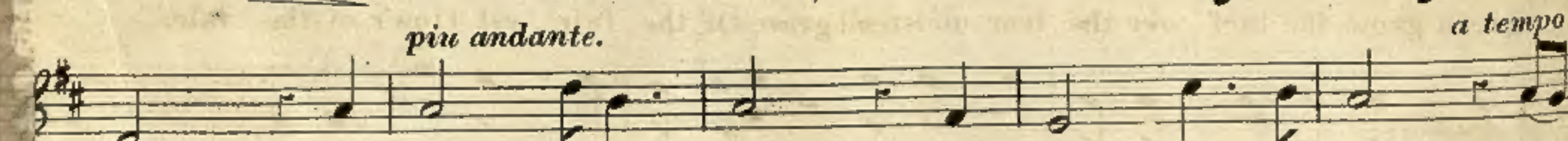
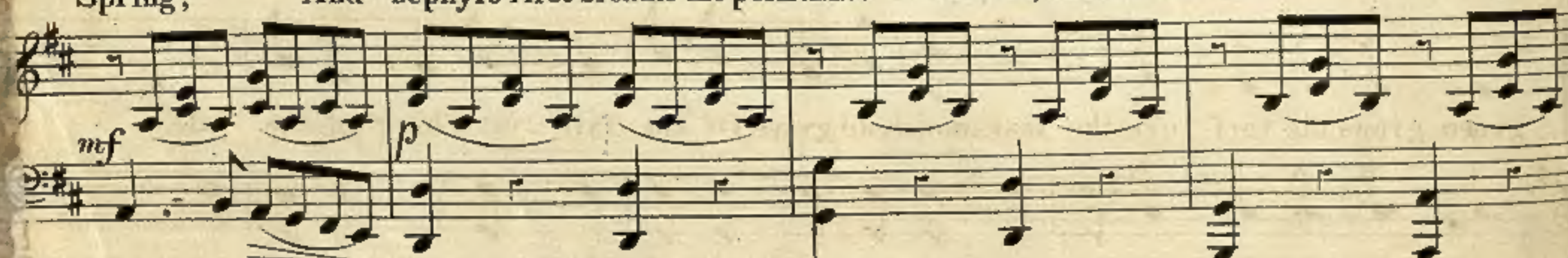
W. H. CURRIE.



1. We smooth'd down the locks of her soft golden hair, And fold'd her hands on her
2. She sleeps 'neath the spot she had mark'd for re-pose, Where flow'rs soonest blossom in



breast, And laid her at eve in the valley so fair, 'Mid the blossoms of summer to
Spring, And zephyrs first breathe the perfumes of the rose, And the birds come at evening to



rest. Oh, rest Lilly rest, no care can as-sail, For
sing. Oh, rest Lilly rest, no care can as-sail, For



green grows the turf o'er the tear-moisten'd grave Of the fair-est flow'r of the vale.
 green grows the turf o'er the tear-moisten'd grave Of the fair-est flow'r of the vale.

a tempo.

CHORUS. LENTO.

TREBLE.
 Oh, rest Lil-ly rest, no care can as-sail, For

ALTO.
 Oh, rest Lil-ly rest, no care can as-sail, For

TENOR.
 Oh, rest Lil-ly rest, no care can as-sail, For

BASS.
 Oh, rest Lil-ly rest, no care can as-sail, For

PIANO.
p **LENTO.**

piu animato. *Repeat pp.*

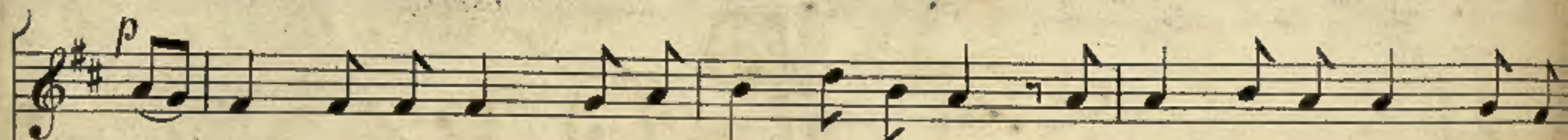
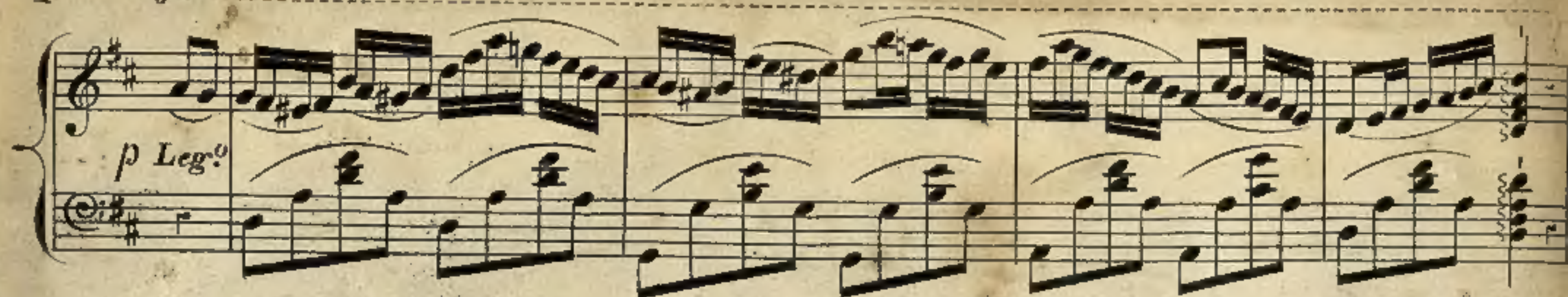
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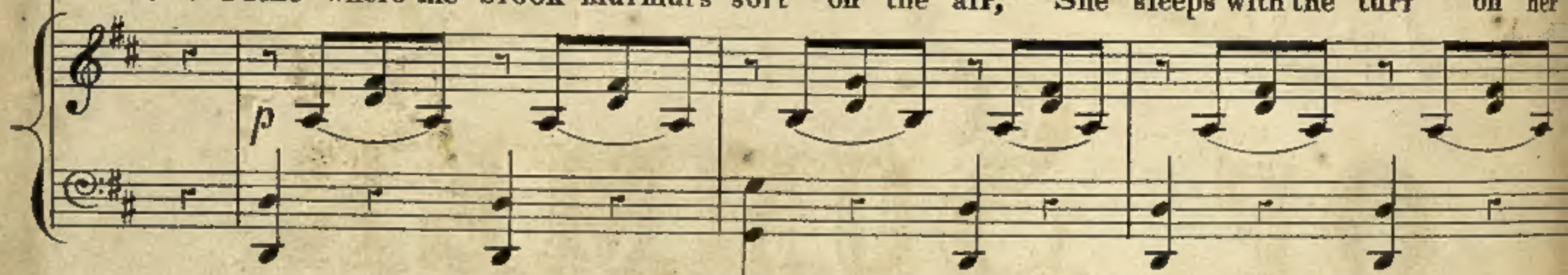
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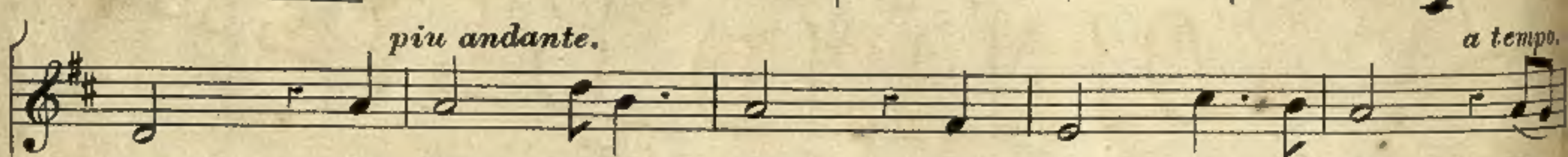
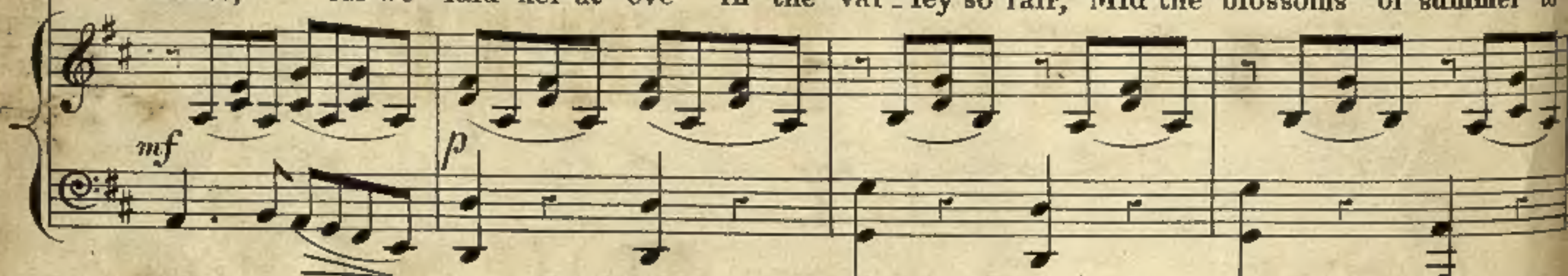
piu animato.



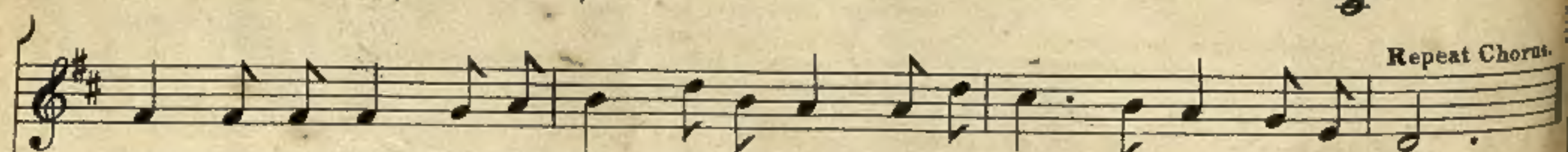
3. The wide spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree, Bend low o'er the place where she
4. A lone where the brook murmurs soft on the air, She sleeps with the turf on her



lies; There eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea, And the morn's drink the dew as they
breast; As we laid her at eve in the val ley so fair, 'Mid the blossoms of summer to



rise. Oh, rest Lil ly rest, no care can as sail, For
rest. Oh, rest Lil ly rest, no care can as sail, For



green grows the turf o'er the tear-moisten'd grave Of the fair est flow'r of the vale.
green grows the turf o'er the tear-moisten'd grave Of the fair est flow'r of the vale.

